Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/

04x05 - How Far You Can Go

https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=9038

04x05 - How Far You Can Go

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **05/28/04 02:41**

[In the opening scene, Brian arrives at the office, where his loyal employees are already bustling busily about. He's greeted by the indispensable Cynthia.]

Cynthia: Your coffee. Your calls. Your advance copy of "Heat."

Brian: Did Remsen see it yet?

Cynthia: The fax just came. He's over the moon.

Ted: Brian Kinney is back with a vengeance!

Cynthia: This campaign is gonna start a revolution. The no more bullshit era of advertising!

Ted: Next thing you know, there'll be soft drink jingles about rotting teeth and hyperactive kids.

[Ted hands Brian a stack of papers and a pen.]

Brian: What the f*ck is that?

Ted: Oh, just a few thousand forms for you to sign. Insurance, pension and benefits, SSI -

Brian: And I can think of so many more interesting things to do with my right hand.

Ted: I'm sure you can. But in the meantime, I need to attend to the business of setting up your business. Oh - I also wanted to give you this.

[He hands Brian a folded up piece of paper. Brian looks at it quizzically.]

Brian: Who's it from?

Ted: Actually, it's from me. It's part of the program. It's called making amends.

Brian: (laughs) How sweet. A 12 step valentine. I'm touched, Theodore. But, um - where's the check?

Ted: That's about the response I expected!

[When Ted leaves, Brian speed-dials Justin's cell and gets a message.]

Brian: The point of having a cell phone is that you leave it on! Where the f*ck are you?

[Justin is at a firing range, watching Cody sh**t at a paper target.]

Justin: You're a really good shot.

Cody: I practiced a lot when I was a kid. Tin cans in the backyard, rabbits -

Justin: You had a g*n when you were a kid?

Cody: I had a six-sh**ter partner before I had a two-wheeler. Where I grew up, everyone did.

Justin: I wasn't even allowed to have a cap p*stol.

Cody: Try it.

Justin: (shakes head) No, thanks.

Cody: Come on. Don't be a sissy. You're right-handed, right?

Justin: Yup.

Cody: Okay. So hold it with your right hand. Now. Line up your sight with your right eye and pull the trigger.

[Justin aims at the target but his hand starts shaking.]

Cody: Nervous?

Justin: It's my gimp hand. From when I was bashed. It acts up sometimes.

Cody: Okay. Then try this. Left hand to your wrist to steady it. Arms out straight. Spread your legs a bit. For balance. Now it's got a kick, so don't resist. Just ride it like the hottest piece of a*s you ever had.

[Justin manages to squeeze off a shot.]

Justin: Wow. That was intense.

Cody: How the West was won. But next time - try to hit the target.

[Justin tries again, with no more success than the first time.]

Justin: sh*t! It's harder than I thought.

Cody: I'll tell you my little secret. See how it has no face? Well, I give it one. Someone who deserves a b*llet between the eyes.

Justin: Like who?

Cody: Like Wayne. Captain of the football team. He and his jock buddies held me down while he carved "f*gg*t" on my a*s with a penknife. Bang! Or Mr. Mackley, who made me show it to the class. Or my father, who slapped me across the face when I told him what they did. Bang!

Justin: Sounds like you have no shortage of targets.

Cody: I bet you've got a few, too.

[Justin picks up the g*n again, aims, fires. This time he scores a direct hit.]

Cody: Woohoo! Works every time. So. Who were you thinking of?

[Michael shows Ben the latest issue of Rage in the Diner]

Ben: "Suck your own d*ck, m*therf*cker!" This is some pretty strong stuff.

Michael: Well, that's how Justin wanted it. He insisted that it had to be that way.

[Naturally, Busybody Deb has to put her two cents in.]

Debbie: Jesus Christ what the hell is that? Looks like those kid get's a d*ck stuffed into his mouth.

Michael: Right side up, to.

Debbie: Gratuitous man sex is one thing. Personally, I don't mind it.

Michael: We know!

Debbie: But gratuitous violence - that's another story.

Ben: Well, actually, I don't consider it gratuitous. In fact, I'd argue that disturbing as these images may be, they are a legitimate expression of every g*y man's outrage at being victimized, and therefore can be justified as a passionate and uncompromising work of art.

Debbie: Well, maybe so, but he's still got his d*ck stuffed in his mouth!

[The d*ck-stuffed-in-mouth debate is interrupted by Vic's arrival.]

Debbie: Where the f*ck have you been? I was about to issue a missing persons report!

Vic: Do you know how much work it takes unpacking a new place?

Debbie: Well, you forgot to unpack your phone? So? When do I get to see it?

Vic: Sis, we haven't even gotten the dishtowels yet.

[Deb gives him a look. He knows better than to argue with that look.]

Vic: But as soon as it's presentable, you'll be our first official guest.

Debbie: (calls over to Ben and Michael) Hear that, boys? I am the first official guest!

Michael: (to Ben) Did you mean what you said about it being an uncompromising work of art?

Ben: Absolutely. Every word! And I hope you'll be as honest with me about my book. It's OK, it's OK. I just gave it to you a few days ago. I shouldn't have said anything.

Michael: No, it's not that, it's - it's just that I'm not finished reading it. But as soon as I do -

Ben: Oh. (Nods)

[We can tell that Michael's hiding something, but apparently Ben is clueless.]

[Mel and Lindsay's Happy Fun House.]

Mel: Even if I agree to let Larry take over the case Jeanette would never agree.

Lindsay: Of course not, they're not just clients, they are friends.

Mel: And they depending on me! They gave me their trust. I gave them the promised. There is no reason why I shouldn't representing them!

Lindsay: You don't have convince me. There's a bond, a sisterhood, that some people simply can't understand.

Mel: Mainly men.

[Enter Emmett, who's in the process of moving out.]

Emmett: Men? Did someone mention men?

Lindsay: One in particular.

Mel: My partner, Larry Jacobs.

Emmett: Oh, those high-powered, aggressive Jewish lawyer types don't do it for me. (To Mel) Except for you, of course!

Lindsay: You got everything?

Emmett: Except for you guys.

Mel: You're gonna be just fine.

Emmett: I know, I know. I'm a big boy. Some say very big. So there's no reason for me not to have my own place.

Lindsay: Once you fix it up, you're gonna love it.

Emmett: Oh, it came already furnished and ready to move in. All I have to do is unpack.

Mel: There ya go. Even better. Go on, goodbye.

Emmett: Well, I guess that's it.

Lindsay: [to Gus] Say bye-bye to Uncle Emmett.

[Emmett departs, not looking too sure of himself.]

Lindsay: Alone at least.

Mel: Aren't you forgetting someone? And someone else is on the way. We're not alone for the next 18 years.

[Daphne's apartment. Cody and Justin are there]

Daphne: You went to a firing range?

Cody: Once he got the hang of it, he was awesome!

Daphne: I thought you hated g*ns. You even signed that petition in high school.

Justin: I still do. You wouldn't believe what it felt like.

Cody: See that b*llet hole right between the eyes? He was thinking of someone right before he fired it. But he wouldn't tell me who.

Daphne: Bet it was Chris Hobbes. Oops!

[She catches Justin's look.]

Justin: Daphne --

Daphne: Thought so.

Cody: Who's he?

Justin: He's this high school jock I jerked off once. After that, he didn't like me very much.

Daphne: Oh, I always suspected he was secretly in love with you.

Cody: He sounds like some of the assholes I went to school with. They were probably afraid of being q*eer.

Justin: Yeah, whatever he was, when he saw me at the prom dancing with Brian -

Daphne: Which, for the record, was unfucking real!

Justin: He freaked. Afterwards he followed me to the parking garage with a baseball bat. He smashed my skull. I was in a coma, then rehab, for almost six months.

Daphne: Can you believe that creep practically went free? A slap on the wrist. He went to community service at the A*DS hospice.

Cody: I can believe it.

Justin: Last time I saw him, he was there, mopping the floor. He said I'd end up just like the others. That I deserved to die.

Cody: I hope you f*cking beat the sh*t out of him!

Justin: I was too afraid to say anything. So I just stood there.

[Emmett's new apartment is a cheap knock-off of the loft. He takes Brian and Michael on a tour of the place. Brian keeps dropping crumbs from a sandwich he's eating.]

Emmett: So, what do you say?

Michael: It's great, Em. I'm very happy for you.

Emmett: Oh, careful Brian. You're dripping.

Brian: Uh, you know this place is uh,... basely reminisence of somewhere I... my loft.

Emmett: Brian! I ask you to be careful.

Brian: You call that crack chair a Barcelona? You wanna bite?

Michael: No.

Brian: You can eat my sandwhich, too.

Michael: Cut it out. I told Ben a lie. A big, fat lie.

Brian: (amused) OK, who'd you f*ck?

Michael: No one! I finished his book three days ago and I told him I'm still reading it.

Brian: That's it? That's the big fat lie? A big fat lie is "I won't come in your mouth."

[Emmett calls from the other room]

Emmett: Just don't come on the sofa!

Michael: He wants me to be honest, to tell him what I really think.

Brian: And what do you really think?

Michael: It was kinda boring.

Brian: Kinda like him? He's your partner, Mikey. You've gotta sit him down, take his hand and say, "Honey, it's a steaming piece of horseshit!" (Brian is laughing)

Michael: Could you say that to Justin?

Brian: Yeah. But fortunately, the lad's a genius!

Michael: (sarcastically) You are so helpful.

Brian: And you're pathetic. If you can't be honest, what kind of relationship do you have? Just a cheap imitation.

[Emmett looks up from scrubbing his cheap imitation sofa.]

[Melanie cuts in Larry's office. She see Jeanette and Anna sitting in front of him.]

Mel: Larry, the courtney room...

Larry: Come in, Mel.

Mel: Hi guys. What... do we have a meeting schedule?

Larry: Mel, Jeanette and Anna are discuss the case.

Mel: Without me?

Jeanette: Mel, we...

Anna: Mel, we know how conserative this new judge is.

Jeanette: Believe me. It was nothing to do with you.

Anna: We love you. Even more than that.

Jeanette: It's just... We feel...

Mel: I'll spare you the explanation and the tears. I understand, completely.

[She leaves the office.]

[Cut to Michael staring straight at the camera. Michael is practicing his speech to Ben - out loud.]

Michael: Ben, I finished your book and you made some really interesting choices...

[Take two]

Michael: Ben, I finished your book and even if it's a little long in some places I'm sure that with some editing...

[Take three]

Michael: It's a great breed especially if you having trouble with sleeping.

[Take four]

Michael: Ben, I finished your book and...

Ben: You did?

Michael: Ben, what are you doin' here?

Ben: Well, I walk to the gym and I thoughed I took my head inside and say hello. So, you finished it?

Michael: Yeah, and I... I just wanna say...

[his cell phone rings.]

Michael: Excuse me. [he gets it.] Hi, ma. Sure, ma. OK, ma. Bye, ma. [he hangs up.] It was ma.

Ben: So, you just wanna say...

[A customer waits.]

Michael: Uh, wait. $3,50.

[The customer smash his petty cash on the counter. Michael take his time and counting it.]

Michael: 1...2...3... 10...20...30... 50. Come by anytime. You know I can use the change.

customer: Yeah, sure.

[the customer leaves.]

Ben: About the book.

Michael: All I can say is... [Ted comes in] Teddy!

Ted: Hey. Oh, I hope I don't interrupting you.

Ben: Not at all.

Ted: Good. Because I've got something for each of you. You don't have to read it now.

Ben: Great.

Michael: I'd love to.

[Both open the letter and read it]

Michael: Teddy, that's so thoughtful and so brave and of course we've forgive you.

[Michael hugs Ted]

Ted: Thank you, guys. Oh, I've got a few more to delivers. So, I'll see you guys later?

Ben: Right.

[When Ted leaves, Ben closes and turns the Open sign to Closed. Michael is cornered.]

Ben: Now then. The book.

Michael: Right. Ben, I finished your book. And um - I loved it!

[Justin washing his face, staring at himself appraisingly in the mirror. Then he goes back to bedroom.]

Justin: What are you doing?

[Brian is sitting up in bed (shirtless) holding a cigarette in one hand and Justin's g*n in the other.]

Brian: Looky what I found! Sunshine's new playtoy.

Justin: You had no business going through my things.

Brian: I was looking for a light.

Justin: That's bullshit. You were snooping. Give it back! Careful!

Brian: Why? Is it loaded?

Justin: No. It's only meant to scare people.

Brian: For someone who's never seen a Western on principle, you have an awfully keen interest in firearms. Where'd you get it?

Justin: Cody gave it to me.

Brian: How thoughtful! What's next? A small nuclear device?

Justin: It's necessary that we have them. After what happened the other night, we could have been k*lled.

Brian: Play with this long enough and you will be.

Justin: Will you just hand it over -

Brian: You're not running around the streets with a concealed weapon!

Justin: I told you -

Brian: "It's necessary!" So that you and Cody can be the g*y Avengers. Heroes of the resistance. Martyrs to the cause?

Justin: We're trying to stop violence before it happens.

Brian: (laughs) By starting it?

Justin: You wouldn't think it was so funny if you were the one who'd been bashed!

Brian: Nobody said it's funny.

Justin: They hate us! They want us dead! Now gimme the g*dd*mn g*n!

[He grabs it and walks out of the room.]

[Emmett and Debbie, new best friends, are shopping at a Bed, Bath and Beyond-type place. Emmett's buying stuff for his new apartment while Deb searches for a housewarming gift for Vic and Rodney.]

Emmett: Just what I'm looking for!

Debbie: What do you want with all those candles?

Emmett: Creating a invitement inviroment which entertain my... guests.

Debbie: You create a f*cking fireheads. Hey how about this for Rodney and Vic?

Emmett: Is there something where they can put it?

Debbie: Yeah, I hope so.

Emmett: I'm sorry, that I'm not that helpful.

Debbie: At least you can make a house in your home. My home is a house.

Emmett: I guess you miss him a lot, huh?

Debbie: Don't you dare ever tell him! I don't want him to feel bad for me.

Emmett: My lips are sealed. For that, anyway.

Debbie: It's just been a long time since I've lived alone. I'd forgotten how lonely it can get. Especially when you're older. You get used to having people around. To fight with. Laugh with. Bug the sh*t outta them. Nobody bugged the sh*t out of me like Vic.

[She picks up a hideous china dog.]

Debbie: Em, how about this?

Emmett: You know, that would look perfect in your place, but I'm not sure Vic would appreciate it.

[Deb looks puzzled but she puts the doggie back. Then she spies some dishtowels and gets all excited.]

Debbie: Dishtowels! He said they needed some! Look at this! (She holds up two with roosters on them.) Perfect for a pair of old c*ck!

[Next up is one of those highly contrived, Brian-to-the- rescue-for-no-apparent-reason scenes.]

Lindsay: I'd try talking to her but she wouldn't listen. Now she wouldn't leave the bedroom.

Brian: Why the f*ck did you call me? I have no practical skills whatsoever in talking lesbians out of trees!

Lindsay: But you do have a remarkable ability to put things in perspective, to see them in a purely objective, practical way.

[He allows her to pull him up the stairs. He enters the bedroom. Mel's on the bed.]

Brian: Are you gonna lie there sharpening your claws and feeling sorry for yourself or are you gonna get your a*s out of bed?

Mel: Jesus Christ, you could at least knock!

Brian: But if I'd knocked, you'd have told me to f*ck off.

Mel: f*ck off!

Brian: Too late! Now then. [He grabs a stuffed animal and offers it to Mel. In voice of mock concern] Show me on the doll where the bad man touched you!

[Melanie, never known for her sense of humor, merely launches into one of her strident rants.]

Mel: You wanna know where he touched me? Right here! In the gut! You wanna know why? Because a l*sbian couple with a child just fired their l*sbian lawyer with a child so that some straight white male as*h*le could argue their case!

Brian: Makes sense to me!

Mel: Why I aren't surprised?

Brian: The courts have always been partial to the voice of the straight white male as*h*le.

Mel: Yeah, but this was my case!

Brian: It's business, Mel. Suck it up and move on! (To Lindsay) Was that objective and practical enough for you?

Mel: Do you believe this?

Lindsay: Actually, I agree with him. As much as I understand why you're upset, and believe me, I would be too, I also understand Jeannette and Anna's position. They had to do whatever they could to -

Mel: I don't want to hear it!

[She storms off. Lindsay looks at Brian, as if to say, "Thanks a lot!"]

Brian: Well, she's out of the bedroom!

[Justin tells Cody about Brian finding the g*n.]

Justin: He almost took it away from me.

Cody: Christ! Well, next time be more careful.

[Justin takes g*n out of his bag.]

Justin: Here. You keep it.

Cody: No, it's okay, I've got others. (But he takes it anyway.)

Justin: Others?

Cody: Some people collect stamps, others collect injustices. I collect these.

[They approach a construction site.]

Justin: What are we doing here?

Cody: Waiting for somebody.

Justin: A new posse member?

Cody: (laughs) Not exactly. Say, don't you know that guy? (Points)

[Justin stares like he's seeing a ghost. It's Chris Hobbes. It clearly takes great effort for him to remain outwardly calm, but his insides must be churning.]

Justin: How did you find him?

Cody: Looked him up in the phone book. Now you can tell him what a piece of sh*t he is.

[Hobbes walks right past them, not recognizing Justin, who doesn't say anything. But Cody isn't going to let this opportunity pass without a confrontation.]

Cody: Hobbes!

Justin: (to Cody) Don't!

Chris: (to Cody) Do I know you?

Cody: No. But I believe you know my friend.

Chris: Taylor? What the f*ck are you doing here?

[Justin says nothing.]

Chris: You looking for a job? I'm sorry, we don't have any openings. At least not the kind you like. f*ggots!

[He walks off in disgust.]

[Emmett has lit every damn one of those candles he bought. Aside from trying to scrub his trick's c*m off the couch.]

Trick: Sorry. I didn't mean to sh**t so far.

[He dresses on.]

Emmett: You have a remarkable aim.

Trick: Clay says it's a trick.

Emmett: A trick from a trick. You're leaving already?

Trick: I'm get back. My roommate's are waiting.

Emmett: Uh, you have a roommate?

Trick: He has a big popcorn, grow up on the sofa and watch "Friends".

Emmett: It's nice.

Trick: We share everything. Clothes. Talk about the guys who we've f*cked. So, you live alone?

Emmett: Yeah, the first time. I never afford it.

Trick: It's a great place. But I think even when I can afford it I still will live with someone. But that's me. I like to hear that sounds of someones breathing. See ya.

Emmett: See ya.

[Melanie comes home, still in a pissed-off mood.]

Lindsay: You hungry?

Mel: No, thank you.

Lindsay: Have you eating something.

Mel: I said no thank you.

Lindsay: Well as long as you safe and sound I guess I go back in bed.

Mel: I could understand Brian siding with Larry and Jeanette and Anna. It's no surprise. But you!

Lindsay: I'm entitled to express my opinion.

Mel: You betrayed me!

Lindsay: Do you really think I would ever betray you? I'm simply say that I understand Jeannette and Anna's position but it's usually don't say this about you! As this were about Gus you know g*dd*mn well we would ever do what it takes to get him back. Even that meant firing a friend and hiring a straight men.

Mel: Not just a friend - a l*sbian mother defending another l*sbian mother.

Lindsay: This isn't about that! It's about Jeanette's son. What Brian said it may not be right, it may not be fair but it's how it is.

[Justin, Daphne and Cody at Daphne's apartment. Justin is berating himself for not standing up to Hobbes.]

Justin: I'm such a f*cking coward!

Daphne: You should never have gone to see Chris Hobbes in the first place. Why are you digging up this sh*t all over again?

Cody: Because it was never finished! It's still not. You've gotta go back there and face him.

Justin: No f*cking way!

Cody: It's the only way! We'll pay him a little visit tomorrow night. After work.

[At Babylon. A martial combat g*ng shows something on the stage. Ben and Michael find Brian sitting in a corner drinking shots.]

Michael: What're you doing?

Brian: (Raises shot glass) Thinking!

Ben: In Babylon? That's a first!

Brian: (to Ben) Is it better to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or take arms and by opposing end them?

Michael: Huh?

Ben: Shakespeare.

Brian: An eye for an eye - or turn the other cheek? Fight fire with fire or do unto others as you would have them do - you know the rest. So. Which is it?

Ben: It depends on the circumstances.

Brian: You're saying there's no such thing as absolute right or wrong? That morality is merely a matter of circumstance?

Michael: What the f*ck are we talking about?

Brian: Say somebody bashes you and nearly kills you. Does that give you the right to go out and do the same?

Ben: Of course not.

Brian: Why?

Michael: Because two wrongs don't make a right.

Ben: Besides, there are laws.

Brian: But what if the law failed to protect you? What if the law doesn't give a sh*t? Then what?

Michael: Then I guess you'd have to take the law into your own hands.

Ben: (appalled) No no no! Violence is never a moral option.

Brian: But doing nothing, letting someone bash your brains in, is? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

[Ben and Michael wander off to hit the dance floor. Ben just won't let this book thing die.]

Ben: So just for my own curiosity, you thought my book was slow? Dull? Boring?

Michael: What? I never said that!

Ben: Just for my own curiosity.

Michael: Certain parts felt a little long, that's all.

Ben: Which parts?

Michael: I don't remember!

Ben: Try!

Michael: It was just an overall feeling.

Ben: Overall...plot? Characters? Theme? What?

Michael: I don't know! I guess sometimes I didn't know where the story was going.

Ben: Uh-huh. (He's no longer smiling.)

Michael: And I wasn't quite sure what the main character wanted -

Ben: Uh-huh.

Michael: Or how it was all supposed to add up.

Ben: This isn't the time or place to talk about it.

Michael: You're the one who brought it up.

Ben: In fact, I never should have asked you to read it in the first place.

Michael: Why do you say that?

Ben: Let's face it, you don't exactly have a literary background.

Michael: Excuse me if I didn't go to Harvard or Yale!

Ben: It's not your fault that you're more justice league than Ivy League.

[Mel and Lindsays house. Mel comes upstairs.]

Lindsay: So, aren't you gonna to work today?

Mel: What for? Mail come?

Lindsay: I haven't check it yet.

[She opens the door and Ted stops by with his amends letter.]

Ted: Oh, then I didn't mail to ya.

Mel: C'mon.

[Mel goes out for a walk with him. He commiserates with her.]

Ted: When Wertshafter fired me, I had the comfort of knowing he was a bigoted straight man with an enlarged prostate but in your case - dumped by two fellow lesbians! Your sense of betrayal must be crushing, staggering, all-consuming.

Mel: Thanks, I feel so much better now!

Ted: I want to give you this. It's for Lindsay and you. I'm making my amends. I've written them to everyone. Everyone, that is, except Emmett. I just don't know what to say, except that I wish I could change - everything.

Mel: I'll give this to Lindz. I'm sure she'll be as proud of you as I am.

[They hug.]

Ted: Thanks, Mel. You know what's funny? When I was growing up, my father had the serenity prayer taped to the refrigerator. He wasn't in AA. He didn't touch a drop. He just liked it. I saw it ten times a day. Knew it by heart, of course. It never meant anything. Now - it's been my salvation. "God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

[Brian returns to his office]

Cynthia: They new layouts are on your desk. And Leo Brown is expecting your call. Oh, and a young woman, she said she knows you waits in your office right away.

Brian: Why, Daphne, what an unexpected surprise! You look particularly enchanting today!

Daphne: Mind if you hit on me later? I have to talk to you.
[Cut briefly to Justin smoking and looking at the paper target on the wall.]

[Back to Brian's office.]

Daphne: ...but I thought you should know.

Brian: Thanks. It adds up. But there's not much I can do.

Daphne: Can't you talk to him?

Brian: Been there, tried that. Hasn't done much good.

Daphne: What if he gets into a fight? What if he gets hurt?

Brian: Then at least he'll know that he stood up. Fought back. That he didn't run away.

[Melanie has decided to stop tilting at windmills. She interrupts Larry's meeting with Jeanette and Anna. They look at her a bit apprehensively, but she's come to make peace.]

Mel: Excuse me, Larry. I just stopped by to say that I understand your decision and I don't take it personally and that I'm willing to offer my assistance and support, considering the importance of this case, it would be remiss of me not to.

[She turns to leave.]

Larry: Mel? We could use your assistance and support.

[She comes back into the office, ready to be a team player.]

[Lonely Debbie's all alone watching TV and pigging out on Haagen Dazs. Someone knocks on the door. Lonely Emmett drops by.]

Emmett: Hey, Deb.

Debbie: Hey, Em, honey.

Emmett: You don't mind if I'm dropping by?

Debbie: No, I'm glad your here. Come on in.

Emmett: So, how's Vic founds your gift?

Debbie: Just say he didn't expecting me so soon. You want some icecream?

Emmett: Oh god, yeah. I'm missing the wip cream.

[she gets it under the blanket.]

Debbie: So, what do you doin' wandering around? So, when it's a nice quietly evening f*cking your brains out?

Emmett: Well, it's not what a f*cking brains out can do.

Debbie: You have temperature, honey?

Emmett: It's nice to have someone to talk to. That'a all.

Debbie: I know what you're mean.

Emmett: I'm walking over here I was thinking Ben and Michael share their apartment, now the best times are over. Just siting on the sofa after giving some trick the booth. We're eating chips, ice cream. Beside we're fall asleep with our head on each other leaps.

Debbie: How about ice cream with two spoon's?

Emmett: What kind is that?

Debbie: With chocolate chips.

Emmett: What are you watching?

Debbie: "The Bad and the Beautiful"

Emmett: Oh my god. That's my all-time fav.

Debbie: So, how was your last trick?

Emmett: Big d*ck, tie break.

Debbie: The best guide!

[Michael comes home to find Ben revising his literary masterpiece.]

Michael: I have some chicken. You're hungry?

Ben: Maybe later.

Michael: You're looking on your book?

Ben: Rewriting the boring parts.

Michael: I thoughed this was boring to [he helds another book in his hand]. And it's supposed to be a classic. Let's face it - if I knew the difference between a great book and a lously one I would have gone to Harvard or Yale instead of goin' to Community College for a couple of months.

Ben: I heard from my publisher.

Michael: You did?

Ben: They had a few comments of their own.

Michael: See? That's what you need, a professional opinion from people who know what they're talking about.

Ben: They felt the main character's motivation was unclear, that the story was overly complex and convoluted, and that thematically, it lacked force and focus. So in other words, exactly what you said. So they passed.

Michael: I'm sorry Ben.

Ben: For what? Being honest?

[Justin and Cody confront Hobbes as he comes home from work.]

Chris: Christ! Taylor? What are you doing here? Stalking me? You f*cking creeps, get outta here or I'll call the police!

Cody: Not until he gets what he came for.

Chris: What's that? You wanna suck my c*ck?

Justin: I want you to apologize.

Chris: For what?

Justin: For bashing me. For causing me brain damage and permanent injury. For giving me nightmares every night for two years. For filling me with fear every time I walk out the door. For treating me like a subhuman who doesn't deserve to live.

Chris: That's what you are, Taylor. Now if you don't mind, I'd like to kick back and have a beer.

Cody: Tell him you're sorry.

Chris: Get outta my way! f*ggots!

[He shoves them aside and walks off towards the house. Cody gets the g*n out and hands it to Justin. Justin takes it and they follow Hobbes. Justin points the g*n.]

Justin: Don't. f*ck. With. Me!

Chris: Whoa, man, just take it easy.

Justin: Get on your knees.

Chris: What the f*ck are you doing?

Cody: Do what he says!

Justin: I said, get on your knees!

Chris: OK, OK.

[He gets on his knees. Justin stands in front of him with the g*n pointed at his head.]

Chris: There. You scared me, see? Now put the g*n away.

Justin: First say, I'm sorry.

[Hobbes hesitates.]

Justin: Say it.

Chris: I'm sorry.

Justin: For bashing you.

Chris: For bashing you.

Justin: For causing you brain damage and permanent injury.

Chris: For causing you brain damage and permanent injury.

Justin: Now suck on this! (The barrel of the g*n)

Cody: That's it! f*ck yeah!

Justin: Go on. Suck it.

[Hobbes is crying.]

Justin: SUCK IT!

[Hobbes complies.]

Cody: This is beautiful, man. This is what you've been wanting to do all this time.

Justin: Now you know what it feels like. The fear that all f*ggots feel all their lives. Walking down the street, holding hands - BECAUSE OF ASSHOLES LIKE YOU! And you know what? (He c*ck the trigger) We're tired of it.

Cody: Do it. Do it!

[Justin almost does it. But he takes the g*n out of Hobbes' mouth.]

Cody: What the f*ck are you doing? You can't stop now!

Justin: Get up. Get up. Go inside.

Cody: You can't let him go!

Justin: And I wouldn't call the police. You don't want to have to tell them a couple of f*ggots made you sh*t your pants.

[Hobbes goes inside.]

Cody: You coward. You f*cking coward, you let him get away! You had him! You could've had him, but you were too chickenshit! You're like all the other f*ggots! You're too afraid! You're all cowards and they know it! You could have ended it! f*gg*t! You're no different than the rest of them! You deserve what you get! And you wanna know why? Because you're all f*cking pussies, that's why!

[Justin walks away with Cody still yelling at him. In fact, we can hear Cody yelling as the credits roll.]

END OF EPISODE

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited